

## Year 4 Reading

# Steppingstone activity

**Date:** Friday 3<sup>rd</sup> July 2020

**LO:** To summarise events in a story in role as a character

### Task:

Share chapter 25 of 'Demon Dentist' with an older sibling or adult (The text is below the task).

**Your task is to pretend you are Alfie. Tell dad what has actually happened so far up until this point.**

**Make a story board with pictures to help you retell the story to your adult or older sibling.**

**Below are some pictures to help jog your memory as to what has happened.**

### 1. Miss Root's visit to the school



### 2. Mummy's toothpaste that burned through stone



### 3. Finding out about the tooth snatching every night



### 4. Being chased by the entire town



### 5. Having all of his teeth taken out



### 6. Coming up with a plan with Raj

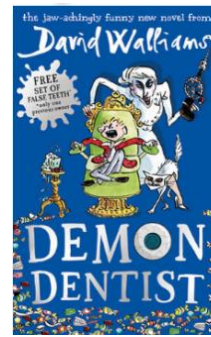


**Year 4 Reading**

**Main activity**

**Date: Friday 3<sup>rd</sup> July 2020**

**LO: To summarise events in a story in role as a character**



**Task:**

Read chapter 25 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

**Your task is to pretend you are Alfie. Tell dad what has actually happened so far up until this point. You can choose how you want to retell the story.**

- You can write it as a story
- You can make a story board with writing and pictures.

**Below are some pictures to help jog your memory as to what has happened. I have also included some sentence starters to help you with any writing.**

**1. Miss Root's visit to the school**



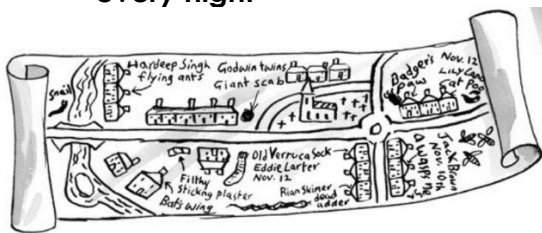
**It all began when...**

**2. Mummy's toothpaste that burned through stone**



**To our surprise, ...**

**3. Finding out about the tooth snatching every night**



**Gabz found out that...**

**4. Being chased by the entire town**



**More and more people joined.**

**5. Having all of his teeth taken out**



**Little did I know,**

**When I woke up, I realised that...**

**6. Coming up with a plan with Raj**



**Kindly, Raj gave me...**

**Together, Raj and me...**

## Under the Pillow

"No no no no no! You definitely one hundred per cent frightened me more!" protested Raj. "And no returns."



There was little point arguing with the man. The newsagent was well-known for being frightened easily. Local gossip had it he once ran out of his shop screaming after he swore he saw one of his 2p jelly snakes moving.

"All right, all right," conceded Alfie. "But I thought you were, you know, the tooth snatcher..."

"I'm not," replied Raj. "My name is Raj. And I am your newsagent."

"Yes yes yes! I know who you are!" said the boy, exasperated now. "What are you doing here...?"

At that moment, what seemed like a huge gust of freezing cold air came in through the window. It blew the candle out.

"It's dark in here!" whimpered Raj.

"It's OK, just let me find my matches..."

Alfie groped by his bedside table (which was really just an upturned milk crate) and lit the candle. Now his bedroom felt decidedly chilly, so he moved over to the window and closed it. Feeling more than a little spooked, he locked it too.

"Well, I was lying in my bed above the shop and I couldn't help worrying about you, all alone waiting for this..." Raj struggled to find the right word. Finally he settled on, "...thing."

"Well, that's kind of you, Raj, but honestly I was fine," lied Alfie. "It must be the middle of the night now, but there has been absolutely no sign of anything."

"And my tooth is still under your pillow?"

"Oh yes," said Alfie, moving over to the bed. "I put it just here. Look..."

But when the boy lifted the pillow the tooth wasn't there.

Something else was.

Something horribly horrible.

Something dreadfully dreadful.

An eyeball.



The long silky nerve at the back was still attached. It was flailing about as if it were a tail, making the eyeball twitch and wriggle on the mattress like a tadpole on dry land.



“A A A A A A A A A A  
A A H H H H H H H H H H!!!!!!”

screamed Raj.

Alfie, who as we know thought of himself as being a tiny bit braver than the newsagent, screamed too:

“A A A A A A A A A A  
A A A A A A A A A A H H  
H H H H H H H H H H!!!!!!”

The boy's scream was even louder.

“It's an eyeball!” screamed Raj.

“I know!” said Alfie.

“But it's an actual eyeball...!”

“Yes, but let's all try and stay calm,” said the boy. “This is a clue...”

Alfie slowly and steadily brought the candle down to examine the eyeball. It was unusually large. It was the size of a ping-pong ball. The eyeball had to be from a large animal. Or perhaps a giant.

Just then the eyeball turned and looked straight at him.

Alfie looked at the newsagent, utterly incredulous.

*THUMP*  
*THUMP*  
*THUMP*

Dad was banging on the wall again.

“Son? Son? Are you all right?” he coughed and spluttered from the next room.

“Just coming, Dad...”

Alfie rushed out of his room and down the corridor to his father’s bedroom, the petrified newsagent trailing close behind.

“Raj...?” asked Dad, really quite bemused.

“Ah, hello, Mr Griffith...” said Raj brightly, pretending that being in the man’s bungalow in the dead of night was perfectly normal.

“Look, if it’s about the newspaper bill, I was meaning to...” began Dad.

Raj smiled. “My friend, the newspaper bill has been long forgotten.”

“So what are you doing here?” asked Dad.

Raj looked over to Alfie. Dad followed his gaze. Suddenly all eyes (well, apart from the one in the room next door) were staring at him.

“Well...?” said Dad. “I think it’s about time you told me the truth, my lad!”

‘My lad’ was something Dad only called Alfie when he had done something wrong. Alfie knew that. He took a deep breath. It was finally time to tell his father the whole story...